

# The Forgotten Heart's Magic

by TheFallenHer0

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Summary: Elyon Warvant is a young and aspiring beast tamer. She to emerge from her mother's shadow and fix her own... erm, magical struggles. Elyon sees her acceptance letter as the start of the road to her dream, but what will happen when she must face school work, fairies, monsters, and... a ghost from the past? \*WARNING:Contains Spoilers for Route\*

## 1. The Letter

The young black-haired boy silently stared at the flower. He tried to not think about his predicament and instead dove into a memory.

\_A young girl with long, black hair was playing with a girl with short white hair. They sang and danced, laughed and joked, and collapsed onto soft grass.\_

\_"June! My mother's making a meat pie! You should come over and eat with us!" said the girl with frost colored hair.\_

\_"Are you sure it's alright?" replied the other, her different colored eyes glittering with concern.\_

\_"Of course, silly! Mom and I love having you over! It's not the same without you. And besides, you love meat pie, right?"\_

\_June laughed and gave in. The two fell into a comfortable silence, holding hands and watching the clouds pass overhead. After some time, June looked over at the other.\_

\_"Hey, Ellie-"\_

"-I love you." the boy whispered.

\* \* \*

><p>Elyon Warvant was trembling with excitement and anxiety. She clenched her acceptance letter in her hand as her train came to a stop at the Gedonlune station.<p>

"Hey! watch it! You're suffocating me here!" the letter grumbled.

"Ah! I'm sorry, I guess I'm just nervous. I'll be more careful, I promise." she said as she quickly released it.

Elyon stared out the window. She had wanted to be a wizardess, like her mother before her, although, not quite the same type. She began daydreaming about a future as a beast tamer, an idea her mother had constantly teased her for.

\_"Oh, my sweet snowflake, don't you want a more adventurous career? Don't you want to travel, or explore? Invent or create? Why pick something so... boring?"\_

Elyon chuckled as she remembered her mother's complaints and jokes. In spite of her aversion, towards the idea, the woman supported her daughter's wishes, and helped her to the best of her extent. Elyon began playing with the curls of her long silver hair, when the train let out a loud whistle and she jumped. She snatched up her old bag, took a deep breath, and with her letter leading the way, she stepped off the train and into destiny.

\* \* \*

><p>Author's Note:<p>

So, this is my first fan fiction, about none other than Joel Crawford! I hope you're at least interested. I would love some reviews and critiques on how I can make the story (more?) interesting. I plan to follow Joel's route to at least some degree, but I am changing the MC's own backstory.

## 2. Destiny's First Step

Elyon hadn't expected her first step into "destiny" to be her falling on her face. Back home, even with her long bangs covering her vision, she had no trouble getting around. However, as she thought about it, her "home" was a small village, faraway from here, and "here" was a huge city, it was the capital! Elyon was pulled, pushed, shoved, and almost run over as she tried to keep up with the letter. After finally making it to the Academy's gate, Elyon was already exhausted.

"You are Miss Warvant, I presume?" asked a deep, and by his tone, annoyed voice.

Nearly jumping out of her skin, Elyon whipped around and came face to face with a rather broad chest.

"Y-y-yes, sir!" she stuttered as she craned her neck back.

When she finally saw his face, she was surprised. He was rather handsome, even with his scowl. His well-kept golden hair was out of the way of his beautiful, violet eyes.

\_Why, he looks like a prince from a fairy tale!\_

"You are late." The man growled as he glowered down at her.

\_Eep! Definitely not a fairy tale prince!\_

"I-I'm terribly sorry! I-I had s-some trouble getting h-here, sir. I-it won't happen again, s-sir." Elyon managed to get out.

"My name is Klaus Goldstein. I'm one of the prefects here."

"It is a pleasure to meet you. I am Elyon Warvant, and I hope we can get along." she nearly sighed with relief when he seemed to nod with pleasure at her introduction.

"Follow me to the headmaster's office. Try to keep a good pace." Klaus told her as he started walking in another direction, with Elyon scrambling to keep up with his large quick steps.

In no time at all, they were in a large, well-decorated room. As Elyon nervously stood, two more men stepped from a door in the back. The white haired, younger man was smiling kindly at her. The taller one stroked his short beard as he watched her.

After some time, she couldn't take the silence any longer.

"H-hello, sir. I am Elyon Warvant. I, um, received an acceptance letter... uhm..." she trailed off.

After a few more minutes, the younger man chuckled.

"Now, Randolph, haven't you worried her enough?"

The taller man's stern expression cracked into a huge grin as he loudly laughed.

"My apologies, Elyon, I tend to tease my students, sometimes a bit too much. I am Headmaster Randolph, and this is Professor Murkulova."

"It is a pleasure to meet you both." Elyon said politely as she bowed her head at each of the men.

"Now, for the next thirteen days, you will be evaluated. On the thirteenth day, you will be judged with the Scale of Judgment. If you work hard, the scales will tip in your favor and you will be admitted as a student at Gedonelune Royal Magic Academy." The Head master told her.

"Do you mean I'm not a student yet?" Elyon asked, furrowing her brow, not that anyone could see it through her bangs.

"That's right. At the moment, you're just a provisional student."

"Ah." was all she said.

"Randolph, aren't you forgetting something?" Merkulova prompted, softly.

"Ah, that's right! Thank you, Loran. Now," the headmaster said, looking back at Elyon, "here at the Academy, we have something called a buddy system."

"A buddy system, sir?" Elyon asked, feeling a bit lost. She had never heard about this from her mother.

"Yes, a buddy system. This system binds two students together. This is done through grades, behavior, and so on. When one buddy does well, so does the other, but if one does something wrong, they share the consequences, as well."

"O-oh, that's a bit of pressure, sir." Elyon said, nervously.

The headmaster simply laughed and waved his hand as he told her, "No need to worry, Elyon, some students graduate without ever getting a buddy. Right now, you should just focus on becoming an official student here."

"Yes, sir!" the young girl chirped.

"Now I'm sure you're tired. If you ever have any questions, the prefects, professors, and, of course, myself are at your service."

"Thank you, sir." Elyon said, bowing her head one last time.

\* \* \*

><p><em>What do I do now?<em>

Elyon stood alone in the courtyard. Klaus was supposed to have escorted her to the girls' dorm, but he had been pulled away on some business with a "Randy March."

Sighing, she sat down on a bench. She really was tired, both emotionally and physically. All she wanted to do right then was curl up and sleep.

With another heavy sigh, Elyon looked up at the sky. She started to drift off into a daydream, when she felt someone's eyes and heard feet approaching. Lowering her gaze, she felt a bit surprised at what, or rather, who she saw.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>At that moment...<strong>

Joel Crawford was on his way back from his dorm, when he was nearly knocked down by some blur of a person. All he could tell was that they were very angry at someone. He couldn't help but pity whoever that rage was directed at. When he looked up, his heart nearly stopped.

There she was. Sitting in the light of the setting sun, the angle making her practically glow, like some angel. Sure her hair was longer - \_a lot longer \_- and her bangs covered her eyes, but he'd know her anywhere. He'd know Ellie, \_his\_ Ellie, anywhere, in any shape, age, size, and form.

Before he could think better of it, his feet carried him towards her.

### 3. The Meeting

When Elyon lowered her gaze, she certainly hadn't expected to see a boy with different colored eyes, one gold, one blue.

\_He has heterochromia. It looks lovely, but I wonder if that would sound strange.\_

She just quietly sat there, looking up at his eyes, while the boy stood in front of her trying to see hers. Finally after some time, the boy took a deep breath.

"Are you new here, or something?" he said, his face expressionless.

Elyon smiled softly, unaware of the twitch in the boy's finger.

"Yes, I'm Elyon Warvant, and I'm pleased to make your acquaintance." she said, still looking up at him.

Instead of replying, the boy asked, "Are you lost? It's getting dark, and there's a curfew."

"Oh, is there? I didn't know!" she said, her eyes widening, not that the boy could really tell.

"Follow me." was all he said, as he turned around and walked in another direction.

\_That's not the first time today. I hope this doesn't become a habit. I really ought to find a map.\_

\* \* \*

><p>They hadn't been walking for too long, when they came upon a large, simply designed building. The walk there had been quiet, but not uncomfortable. In fact, to Elyon, it was rather soothing, which was strange, considering how she had only just met the nameless boy.<p>

"We're here."

"Ah, indeed we are." she said, as she turned to look at him.

"Tomorrow, I'll show you around school," he said, his face still expressionless, "if you'd like."

"Yes, thank you. That would be lovely." she responded, smiling softly again.

"Well, goodnight, Ellie. See you tomorrow." he threw over his shoulder, as he walked towards, what Elyon could only assume, was the boys' dorm.

\_I wonder why he called me "Ellie"? I never said that was my nickname...\_

Shaking her head, she walked inside.

"Hello? I'm terribly sorry that I'm late." she said, cautiously.

"I should hope so! You had me worried sick, you did!" said an old woman with short grey hair, and sharp brown eyes. "Though it can be helped, I s'pose. Your room is up on the third floor, seventh door to the right. Your roommate should still be getting ready for bed, but be quiet, just in case."

"Yes, ma'am, I truly am sorry that I've worried you and I'll be more careful. Goodnight, ma'am." Elyon bowed her head before heading towards her room.

Just as the house mother had said, Elyon's roommate was awake. She cautiously opened the door and introduced herself.

"Hello, I'm Elyon Warvant, your new roommate, and I'm truly sorry about being so late."

The other girl, who looked to be about eighteen or nineteen, smiled, her long, bright orange hair bouncing.

"Aw, Elyon, don't worry about it! I was a bit worried, but the important thing is that you're here now, safe and sound." the girl's warm, brown eyes twinkled, "My name is Amelia Nile, and I hope you and I will get along."

Elyon smiled at her new roommate. Amelia seemed kind and laid back, so she thought that they could not only get along, but also become friends.

"Would you like some help unpacking?"

"Yes, thank you."

The girls quickly put away Elyon's things. Afterwards, they sat on their beds facing each other.

"So, do you want me to show you around tomorrow? I have the day off." Amelia asked, as she tied her hair into two tight braids.

"Ah, I'm sorry, I have my first class in the morning, and someone already offered to show me around." Elyon apologized.

"Really, isn't it your first day here? Never mind that, who is it?"

"I, um, didn't get his, uh, his name, actually..." she faltered.

"Don't worry! If you describe him, I might be able to help." Amelia told her, reassuringly.

"Well, he had black hair, one blue eye, one gold eye, not much expression, and a smooth voice. He was, um, quite attractive."

"Ah!" Amelia exclaimed, "You must mean Joel Crawford! He's a spellsinger and he's kind of known for being a bit, erm, blunt. I'm kind of surprised that he was so willing to help you."

"Hm... I wonder why he did then..."

"Love at first sight, maybe?" Amelia mischievously asked.

"N-no way!" Elyon squealed back, "I'm not what you would call gorgeous."

"I disagree."

"Huh?"

"You're already pretty, even with half your face hidden, and you give off a warm, soothing aura. If you pulled your bangs back, you might even be... irresistable." Amelia slyly grinned, practically purring the last word.

"A-Amelia!" squeaked the now red-faced, snow-haired girl.

They went back and forth for a while, before finally going to bed. After meeting Joel and Amelia, Elyon was feeling more optimistic about her thirteen day trial.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Earlier...<strong>

Joel slammed his forehead against his closed dorm room door. Thankfully, he didn't have a roommate, so he was free to beat himself up over his earlier behavior.

"I couldn't say anything! She was right there, and I couldn't find anything worthwhile to say. Damn, she must think I'm a total creep!"

He thought back to her long, silvery white hair, her soft voice, the relaxing aura she gave off. The little girl he had once known seemed to have grown into a beautiful young lady, formal manners included.

Now that I think about it, her mannerisms were a little strange. She definitely wasn't like that when we were just kids. I wonder what happened.\_

He suddenly flashed back to her soft smile, and his heart skipped a beat. How could she smile at a stranger so sweetly? After all, that's what he was to her now. A stranger. And yet, the walk to the dorms was a comfortable quiet, and it seemed almost like she had enjoyed his company. But that wasn't possible... right?

#### 4. The First Day

Two giggling girls were climbing a large tree. The one with short, white hair was sitting on a branch, beckoning the other girl, this one with long, black hair.\_

\_ "Come on, ..U..n..! The view's amazing!" the white-haired girl called down.\_

\_ "I'm coming, Ellie!" the other shouted back.\_

\_ Ellie nodded, before moving off the branch and climbing further up. The pair went up further, when suddenly, the branch Ellie had just grabbed onto snapped. With no time to catch herself, Ellie fell. She was too surprised to scream.\_

\_ But the other girl wasn't.\_

\_ "ELYON!" she screamed, then let go herself, reaching for her.\_

\_ Ellie was shocked. There was her friend, her closest and dearest. Falling. Her long, black hair flaring behind her. Ellie reached her hand up, and the two pulled each other close. They fell to the ground far below, hitting branches as they went.\_

\_ Finally, they landed with a loud WHUMP. They're bones weren't broken, thanks to the branches, but they were covered in scratches and scrapes and, the air had been knocked out of them. After some time, and when they could breath again, Ellie turned to her friend.\_

\_ "W-why'd you let go?"\_

\_ Her friend faced her, and after taking a breath, told her, "If I hadn't you could have been hurt much worse. Ellie, I'll always protect you. I promise."\_

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>"I promise."<strong>\_

Elyon slowly opened her eyes, trying to process where she was.

\_ This is definitely not my room...\_

She turned her head, and saw light streaming in from a window. Suddenly, a girl's bright, smiling face overtook her vision.

"Morning, Sleepyhead. You need to get ready if you want to get to the Dining Hall in time for breakfast." Amelia said, in a soothing tone.

"Ah, that's right... I'm at the academy..." Elyon mumbled, slowly pulling herself up.

Amelia giggled as she got ready, and in almost no time at all, they were out the door. They walked to another building, filled with long tables and many, many students. Suddenly feeling nervous, she pressed herself against her roommate. Amelia chuckled and led her to a small group of people who all looked to be around Amelia's age. They saw her and smiled.

"Hey, Amelia!" called out a blonde-haired girl.



The pair sat down, Elyon still smushed up against Amelia.

"Aw, who's your friend?" asked a boy with deep, violet hair, "She's adorable!"

"Leave the poor girl alone, Zack." growled a tall girl with large glasses, "You're probably creeping her out."

Taking a deep breath, she pushed herself away from Amelia and introduced herself.

"H-hello, I'm Elyon Warvant. It's a pleasure to meet you."

"You're quite formal," the other boy, with warm, brown eyes, smiled, "I'm Terrance Deckards."

The blonde gave a cheesy grin, her twin ponytails bobbing, as she said, "I'm Vivian Halivont."

"Harriet Ysman." muttered the tall girl.

"And I'm Zack Thompson, but you can call me baby." said the violet-haired boy with a wink.

The rest of the group sighed, and Terrance swatted the back of his head. Feeling more relaxed, Elyon listened to their conversation, offering her input from time to time, until the bell rang. About half the students were getting up, including Elyon, Harriet, and Terrance.

\_They must have morning classes, too. Oh, but Amelia's still sitting...\_

As if she knew what the snow-haired girl was thinking, Amelia explained that she had the day off.

"B-but you got up with me?" Elyon asked, starting to feel touched.

"Well, maybe that, too," Zack said, before Amelia had a chance, "but she also knows when the lines are shorter, so it also has to do with the food. She's pretty fond of it, \_if you know what I mean.\_"

At this, both Amelia and Vivian swatted his head, while Elyon and Terrance laughed and Harriet rolled her eyes.

"Oh, shut up! I'm not that bad!"

Then, the trio said their goodbyes and headed to class. When they got to the building, Terrance went the opposite direction, while Harriet walked Elyon to her homeroom. She had thanked the tall girl, but Harriet just shrugged and left for her own class. Trying to calm herself down, Elyon closed her eyes and pushed herself into the room.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Earlier...<strong>

Joel had been on his way to the Dining Hall, when he spotted Elyon walking with an older girl with bright, orange hair. He subconsciously slowed his pace and his eyes began to follow her.

\_I guess it's a good thing that I didn't wait for her at her dorm. Ellie only met me yesterday.\_

Though the idea made him sad, it was the truth. By now, Joel had gotten so consumed in his thoughts, he didn't notice the other boy until it was too late.

"Hey, Joel." grinned a taller, green-haired boy, slinging his arm around his shoulder.

Joel didn't bother responding and tried to continue walking, but the boy followed.

"What do you want, Luca?" he sighed.

"Nothing really." Luca said, with a shrug, "Just curious about that girl. She's new right?"

Joel stiffened.

"Yeah, you seem interested in her, too. Don't blame you. She seems cute."

Joel shoved off Luca's arm and trudged off into the Dining Hall.

Luca smiled before following.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Now...<strong>

Elyon awkwardly stood by the door, unsure of what to do. Students were clumped in groups, talking and laughing. She scanned the room until she saw a blue-haired boy sitting and staring out the window. After checking that the area around him was clear, oddly so, she walked over.

"Hello?"

Silence.

"Excuse me?"

Still no answer.

"Excuse me!" she said, starting to feel frustrated.

"Hm?" the boy finally responded. As he turned to face her, Elyon saw that he had an eye-patch over one of his eyes.

\_He's quite handsome. Though, he doesn't seem to be all there...\_

"I'm sorry to bother. My name is Elyon Warvant, and I'm a new student. I was wondering if I could take the seat in front of

you."

"Okay." he said, before turning back to the window.

She didn't worry too much about his lack of interest, and sat down to get her things ready for class. As she opened her bag, she heard the boy mumble something.

"Pardon me, but did you say something?"

"My name." he said, now facing her, "I'm Yukiya Reizen."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Yukiya." she smiled.

His face softened and he turned to look out the window. Elyon, feeling better, turned back to her bag. She pulled out a notebook, some pens, pencils, and an eraser. As she looked back up, she saw that her favorite pen had vanished. Feeling confused, she searched her desk, and looked at the floor, before she heard a chuckle. Surprised, she quickly looked. Before her stood a smirking boy with green hair past his ears, and in his right hand sat her pen.

"Excuse me, but you seem to have my pen." she pointed out, feeling a little lost.

"So it seems." was all he said.

"May I please have it back?"

"Since you asked so politely, sure." he smiled and gave it back, before saying, "So, might I ask this cute girl's name?"

Blushing slightly at his flirting, she introduced herself saying, "Of course! My name is Elyon Warvant. Might I ask your name in return."

"Aw, you're so cute." he said, "I'm Luca Orlem."

Elyon giggled shyly, Luca opened his mouth to say something, but he was interrupted by someone else.

"Luca, I hope you're not harrassing the new student." scolded a handsome, violet-eyed, golden-haired boy.

\_He looks familiar... Handsome... Violet eyes... Golden hair... Annoyed... just like... Guh! K-Klaus! No, no, wait. He's younger, shorter, and not as intimidating. Not Klaus, but maybe still a Goldstein?\_

The Klaus-look-a-like turned towards her. Seeing her expression, he sighed and said.

"I'm not Klaus."

"Oh, no! I know that."

"I'm- wait what?"

"I knew you weren't Klaus. You seem, um, easier to approach."

Definitely-not-Klaus blushed.

"I'm Elyon Warvant. It's a pleasure to meet you." she told him with a smile.

"I'm Elias Goldstein, and the pleasure's all mine." he smiled, "If you ever need help with the lessons, let me know."

Luca, who seemed to be lost in thought for a while, spoke up."

"Hey, Elyon. About your last name-"

Suddenly, an older man dressed in all black came in. He wore a scowl on his face, and all the students scurried to their seats and sat quietly, Luca had taken the empty seat next to her, and Elias was directly across. The man scanned across the room and seemed to pause for a fraction on Elyon before moving on. Finally, he spoke.

"I understand that we have a new student. I am Professor Schuyler."

Standing up and bowing, Elyon introduced herself yet again.

"Hello, sir. I am Elyon Warvant."

"Warvant, you say. Are you, by any chance, related to Evelyn Warvant?" the Professor asked, seemingly agitated.

\_Oh, I knew this was coming.\_

"Yes, sir. She was my mother."

At this, whispers broke out. She knew why. Her mother, Evelyn Warvant, had gone to the same Academy, some years before. She had been known for causing mischief around the school and pranking her peers and professors. But, she started spending more and more time in the forest. When she was only eighteen or nineteen years old, she ran away from the Academy, and never finished her schooling. It had been a great mystery around the school, and no one could figure out just why she did it. No one, but Elyon that is.

Professor Schuyler silenced the whispering, and pulled Elyon back into the present.

"Well, I hope you're better behaved than your mother was. We already have Luca." he said, turning his attention to Luca, "Speaking of which, I'm surprised to see that you're here today."

"Well Prof, I gotta show up \_sometimes\_."

Sighing in response, Professor Schuyler started the lesson. Elyon took notes and was able to answer a couple questions correctly. She thought things were going well, until she was asked to perform a spell. It was a simple spell, meant to make her book float, but that isn't quite what happened...

"GIHEEHEE" the book cackled, flapping around the room.

It crashed into desks, swooped down at students, generally made a

mess of the room. The Professor was able to break the spell, but he was \_furious\_.

"It's a spell to make things \_levitate\_, and you brought it to \_life\_."

Somehow, his quiet rage was far scarier than yelling.

"I-I know, s-sir."

"Can you explain what \_happened\_?"

"I-I have trouble w-when I use m-magic on things b-besides an-animals, sir."

"And \_with\_ animals?"

"I-I'm good at h-healing animals, and I c-can understand them, sir."

"But you can't use normal magic." he sighed, before saying, "The bell is about to ring. Stay behind and clean things up."

"Yes, sir."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Not long after...<strong>

The bell had just rung for the end of class, so Joel immediately made his way towards the Fortitudo Class' hall. On his way over he overheard some students.

"Poor girl, it's just her first day."

"I know, right? To mess up like that must be so embarrassing."

"Yeah, but is she really Evelyn Warvant's daughter? I mean, wasn't she supposed to be a powerful wizardess?"

"Who knows? Maybe it has something to do with her disappearance."

Annoyed for Elyon, Joel stopped and faced the students.

"Like you said, it's her first day, right? Are you really going to try to tell me you weren't nervous on \_your\_ first day? That you didn't slip up \_once\_?"

"G-guh..."

"Uh, huh. Which classroom was she in?"

One of the students pointed to a door a little ways away. Joel walked towards it, feeling a little worried about her.

\_She never was could at handling things when she messed up. I hope she's not beating herself up too harshly.\_

Picking up his pace, Joel opened the door. There, shoulders slumped dejectedly, crouched Elyon. She was picking up papers scattered about the floor. Without a word, Joel crouched next to her and began helping.

"Hello, Joel."

Surprised, he lifted his head.

"How-"

"You didn't tell me your name yesterday, so I asked my roommate about you."

"Oh..." he couldn't help but say, disappointedly.

\_For a second there, I thought-\_

"I messed up in class."

Looking at her, she looked ashamed. Without thinking, he started to pet her hair. He was about to pull back, when she pushed her head against his hand.

Embarrassed, he scolded her, " You shouldn't do that to a stranger."

"O-oh!" she squeaked, her cheeks turning red, " I'm sorry! I just feel comfortable around you, so I... Sorry!"

"Don't worry about," he said, trying calm her down, "it's no big deal."

"Really?"

"\_I promise.\_"

Suddenly, a bright light flashed through the room, and both students shut there eyes against the strength of it.

\* \* \*

><p>Elyon had to blink a couple of times before she could see. As she went to check on Joel, she saw his uniform's emblem glowing faintly. Surprised, she looked up at his face, but his eyes were glued to <em>her<em> emblem. She found that it, too, was glowing. Confused and worried, she looked back at him.

"Joel? What-"

"We lit up."

"I beg your pardon?"

Sighing, he looked her in the eyes.

"Elyon, we just became Buddies."

End

file.